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Gladstone.

BY THOMAS J. HENNESSY, '94.

TO check the life-blood of a dying land,  
To nurse her back to strength, to lend an ear  
Unto another's misery, is dear  
To every noble heart. To stretch a hand  
To help a struggling people,—this is grand:  
Grand thou and pure! Nor shall the vulgar fear  
Of bawling bigots, nor the mocking sneer  
Of tyrants, drive thee from thy righteous stand.  
Hail, prince of statesmen, champion of the right,  
Large-hearted man whose eloquence doth charm  
Two worlds! Hail, Gladstone, Ireland's greatest friend!  
Press on to victory and win her fight,  
And God preserve thee from the earth's cold arm  
Until poor Erin has attained her end!

The Ballads of Thackeray.

BY J. M. FLANNIGAN, '94.



ANYONE who has read the prose of Thackeray with his heart as well as his eyes will not be surprised to hear that he turned his ever ready and artistic pen to the realms of verse. I have a feeling that the poetic genius of this author has not been appreciated, although many excellent lyrics have been contributed to our language by him, the master of our novel.

Thackeray himself does not call his verses poetry; he very humbly says they are a few songs jotted down during his literary career, oftentimes on the spur of the moment, made to hit an occasion. He belonged to that unpre-

tentious class of singers whose success was greatly due to their spontaneity; they sang their merry songs like the bird,—

"He knows not why nor whence he sings,  
Nor whither goes his warbled song."

These songs, on whatever subject they might have been, always came from the heart and impulse. There was nothing forced or extravagant about them. Our author does not rise to the grandeur of a Milton or a Keats, nor has he the sentiment of Tennyson or the color of Rossetti. Above all, he is ever natural; everywhere you find him he is the same pure, honest and fun-loving Thackeray. His songs are as faithful as anything he wrote. There is nothing unnatural about them; you find no flowers, nor fields and trees; he scarcely mentions a flower or a landscape in the whole book. Such things were not in sympathy with his home-loving mind.

Men and women whom he met, the streets he walked, the little incidents and happenings in the city, were his subjects. The poems smack of the city. You find there the club and the *café*; one can almost see him strolling through "Pall Mall," loitering around "Bon Street" and promenading in the "West End." Passing away his time in this manner, he becomes a thorough cosmopolitan. If you would open his note-book therein you would find sketches of the gay gardens of the *Tuileries*, of Paris, society topics, of the Piccadilly and London, and perhaps you would run across some very pointed and sarcastic note on his particular friend, the snob.

We know that one of the great charms of his prose is the intermingling of delicate humor, indignation and pathos. These same qualities, with his master hand, he infuses into his poesy. Thackeray was always funny; he could not help being so; it was a part of his nature. There is

a tender and pleasing vein of satire in nearly all his poems. He is gentle and affectionate, not rude or vulgar like Swift. The misfortunes and faults of men are held up to us, and by his wit we are made to sympathize with one, or be indignant with the other.

It has been said that Thackeray at heart was a cynic, and by profession a satirist; that he satirized everything, even the inhabitants of the air did not escape his hand; instead of raising man to a better position he degraded him. Consequently a man of his temperaments and likes could never be the maker of poetry, an admirer of the beautiful, the object of which should tend to raise and ennoble mankind. Instead of this he would degrade rather than elevate the God-inspired art.

I shall not try in this article to adduce arguments that he was or was not a cynic. I shall only say perhaps he was mistaken in his views and reforms. This fact does not alter or detract from his literary genius. His indignation was at all times sincere and genuine, his expression of it perfect. In regard that he was a cynic, one of his contemporary writers in *Punch* said:

"He was a cynic. By the life that clung  
About him from his children, friends and kin,  
By the sharp pain, light pen and gossip tongue  
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heat within."

The spirit of his works was faithfully and truthfully caught in the above. And as a public man is judged by his public works, he would certainly be open to the charge. But knowing his private life, manner of living, love of home and unbounded generosity, I would certainly deny it. To show him as a man and father I think you could find no more affectionate and loving words than those he addressed to his little homeless girls; how endearing and pathetic they are!—

"I thought, as the day was breaking  
My little girls were waking  
And smiling and making  
A prayer at home for me."

These lines were taken from the ballad of "The White Squall," which, as a descriptive poem, is one of the most perfect in our language. He has written nothing that shows more plainly his power over words and rhymes. The picture is drawn perfectly; not a line is omitted, nor is one wanting. He says easily all he has to say with the greatest facility, and not a word can be misconstrued. Of his ballads he left us some charming verse. There is, for instance, "The King of Brentford's Testament," in which he appeals to the popular chord, he attaches a moral to the tale which plainly says:

hard-hearted and unfeeling virtue is not what is to be desired, but that the human heart naturally turns to the more generous and simpler.

In "Peg of Limivaddy" one is cheered and consoled by its music, its simpleness. There is in this a remarkable and ingenious management of words and rhymes. He sketches closely and faithfully the homely charms, which are quite in the order of the immortal Burns. This ballad has been always very popular with the public. There is another short poem—"The Cane-bottomed Chair"—that shows great merit, and, as a pure ballad, might surpass the preceding one. There is a peculiar mixture of the burlesque and pathetic feeling which is in the very nature of his writing.

In "Vanity Fair" there is one really beautiful and delightful song entitled "The Rose Upon the Balcony"; in "Pendennis," too, there was one ballad, the first published effort of the young Pen, which showed not only great poetic feeling but also rhythmic skill. In his shorter poems there are some exquisite selections. Analyze the "Sorrows of Werther," "At the Church Gate" and "Under the Mahogany Tree"; anyone of these can be classed with the productions of our greatest poets. "Lucy's Birthday" has a clean, pure and tender feeling running through it, here he drops his satire and humor, and really gives us something graceful and masterly.

Of his longer poems, he has given us three that should rank with the works of Moore or Scott. There is, for instance, "The Ballad of King Canute," which is one of the best produced in modern times, both in metre and descriptive qualities. "The Great Cossack Epic" has much good and pure humor, but has not the finish and skilfulness of his other works.

Now we come to two really great productions—"The Chronicle of the Drum" or, it is

"The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum,"

and "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse."

"The Chronicle of the Drum" is a sketch of the old French Revolution as seen through a drummer's eyes; the song belongs to the drummer but not the moral. The latter does not actually belong to the ballad; it is only the sentiment of an onlooker at Paris. He cannot see any reason why Napoleon and his army should dazzle and bewilder sensible men's eyes with their banners and trumpets, he very naturally is forced to ask:

"Tell me, what we find to admire,  
In epaulets and scarlet coats,  
In men, because they load and fire.  
And know the art of cutting throats."

It is the simple comment of humanity and common-sense upon the absurdity of military glory. There is great national feeling and patriotism that he carries through the narrative with exactness and truth. In every line there is a strong and Christian feeling.

In graver measure "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" is the most finished and characteristic. No one but Thackeray could have written that. There he sits alone at a table, you can almost see him through the smoke of the hot Bouillabaisse, as he sings his lonely song remembering the happy days that he passed in company with Tom, Augustus, and James. It is full of the consciousness and loneliness of life. There is something pathetic and sad as he recalls to his mind the happy hours spent there with those whom he loved, and now have all gone their way. There is a melancholy light in his eyes, that have been called cynical, as he takes his glass. There is a manly and honest feeling in the heart that says:

"I drink it as the fates ordain it—  
Come fill it, and have done with rhymes,  
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it,  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is,  
And set you down and say your grace,  
With thankful heart whate'er the meal is;  
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse."

No one but Thackeray could have gone so deep into the past jollities and griefs; he recalls the old days and once more pledges in heart and glass those generous fellows who shall never drink again with him. As the smile fades from the lip you can discern a glistening tear in the eye.

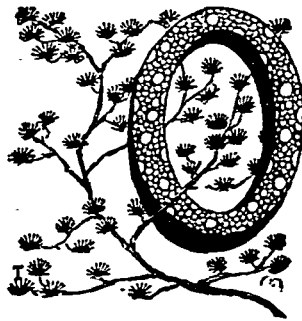
He mastered the metre as easily as he moved through his simple prose. Throughout naturalness was his art, and truly it was great art. There is a pleasant feeling running through his ballads with their rollicking fun and sly sarcasm. Do not quarrel with him because he is not a solemn Milton or a mighty Shakspeare. Like all men, he had his likes and dislikes; he laughed when merry, and had tears when sorrowful. And I am almost certain that, as time rolls on, the verses of this simple and home-loving bard will be more popular than those of many of our highly-named poets, and his ballads, rather than fall, will rise in the estimation of the public.

THIS is thy month, dear Mother, and it seems  
That Nature sings for me,  
To draw my soul from earthly cares and dreams,  
And turn my thoughts to Thee.

—J. B. Meader.

## Air and Life.

BY E. J. MAURUS, '93.



Going out on a fair day in spring, who has not marvelled at the wonders that surround him? What mind, dwelling on the beauty of the material world, has not been borne back to Him who, in His goodness, could bestow such blessings on man. In every molecule of matter, in every flower, in every bird, in every beast of the field and the forest, in man, the noblest of all, we see the delicate touch of the Creator. Everything points to a God. Everything induces us to examine His productions, to explore the wonderful workings of His creation. Knowing Him, then, we cannot but honor Him in studying His gifts, whether they be spiritual or physical. Hence we find Religion and Science always walking hand in hand. True science never separates itself from religion. The two are complements: one leads to the other; one proves what the other believes.

Science reveals the images of God's perfections—the simplicity, the unity, the mystery with which He acts. The greatest of His gifts is life, which is certainly the most mysterious of all. What it is no one has been able to tell us; for who can explain that mystic force which animates material bodies, and surrounds the earth with the halo of God's glory? What finite being can take up a clod, or even a corpse, and kindle in it the fire of life? This is the work of an Infinite Master alone. All that man can do is to study the manifestations of that force. Seeking to produce it is like following the rainbow. However fast we travel, however far we journey, the many-hued bow still flees before us, and we finally find ourselves in the very place whence we started. Man's deepest researches have revealed only the conditions under which life *may* exist, without which it is impossible.

Of these conditions the principal ones are heat, water, air and protoplasm—that strange substance beyond which the human eye has never penetrated. A few words concerning the relation which the air bears to life might not prove uninteresting.

What is that air which is called a necessary of life? It is merely a gas, or, rather, a mechanical mixture of several gases. Its most abundant element is nitrogen. The rest is composed of

oxygen, and innumerable other gases in slight amounts. Of these lesser components the most important is carbonic acid gas.

The air surrounds the earth as an immense transparent shell, and, as such, is known as the atmosphere. This shell has a thickness of about fifty miles. At that height it is so rare as to be practically absent. Its density increases as the surface of the earth is reached, where it exerts a crushing force in all directions amounting to about fifteen pounds to the square inch. The air within our bodies, by producing an equal and opposite pressure, maintains the equilibrium and keeps them from falling together.

The pressure of the atmosphere may be shown by a simple and instructive experiment: Hermetically seal an ordinary tin can, leaving, however, in one of the ends a hole with a diameter of about half an inch; fill the can about one third full of water, and place it on a heater of some kind. When the steam from the boiling water has driven out all the air within the can, stop up the hole. Pour cold water over the outside of the can, when it will collapse as if struck with a club. The explanation is likewise simple. When all the air has been driven out nothing remains in the can but the boiling water and the steam above it. The sudden cooling condenses the vapor leaving a partial vacuum within the can. The force of the air without, finding its resistance diminished, asserts itself by producing the dents in the tin.

Experiments have shown that air is necessary to vegetable life. Plants make use of almost all the constituents of the atmosphere. The one for which they have the largest demand is carbonic acid gas; this forms their principal article of food. They absorb it through the stomata on their leaves, or through other organs specially adapted to the purpose. The carbon dioxide is then seized by the chlorophyll grains and each molecule is separated into its atoms. The carbon is next united by these same curious little workers with the elements of water to form the carbohydrates, such as sugar, starch and cellulose. The oxygen is given back to the air—a *very important fact*.

Plants also profit by the presence in the atmosphere of nitrogen, ammonia, hydrogen, chlorine and almost all its other components.

The connection between the air and animals is twofold: direct and indirect. The indirect relation lies through plants. All animals depend ultimately upon the vegetable kingdom and its productions for their food. Many animals live almost entirely upon plants. Were the atmosphere removed, vegetation would be destroyed.

Deprived of their sustenance the herbivora would be forced to change their natures, or, which is more natural, they would suffer extinction; the carnivora would follow in their turn.

But the air also influences animals in another and far different manner. Animals demand a large amount of oxygen. They breathe the air, that is to say, they use it to purify their blood. They all have special organs for this purpose. In the common garden snail, for instance, we find a very rudimentary lung—a mere cavity with a small aperture to admit the air.

Fishes have an arrangement somewhat more complicated. Most of them breathe by means of gills. Their air, which they obtain from the water, is, however, not quite the same as that which surrounds us. The force of adhesion is not so great between water and nitrogen as between water and oxygen. For this reason the air of fishes contains a larger percentage of oxygen.

The process of breathing in fishes is very peculiar. They admit the water through the mouth; then it passes through a kind of grating to the gills. The free oxygen adhering to the water is absorbed, while the rest passes out through the slits in the neck of the fish.

In birds and mammals the principle of respiration is about the same, but the organs are somewhat different. Take man as the type. He draws in the air through the mouth and nostrils. The trachea marks the way to the lungs. Here the free oxygen is taken up by the blood, and carbonic acid gas is given in place. The blood then courses to the heart, is driven by that pump through the arteries, oxidizing tissue here and there, and maintaining by the chemical action the temperature of the body. Through the capillaries and through the veins it flows, returning to the heart, dark and laden with carbon dioxide. Sweeping through the right auricle and the right ventricle, it finally comes back through the pulmonary artery to the lungs. As before, it deposits its load of oxidized carbon, and takes in exchange pure oxygen; it loses its purplish color for a bright red, and is again prepared to retrace its just completed course. By the process of expiration the deposits of the blood are driven from the lungs; inspiration refills the emptied chambers.

From what precedes it is plain that the processes of respiration in plants and animals are complementary. Nature in her wisdom has provided a perfect agreement among living beings. Carbon dioxide is seized by the vegetable kingdom and free oxygen is given in return; animals take up this free oxygen and give back carbon dioxide again. As these

actions are going on continually, the atmosphere is kept in such an equilibrium that it meets the demand on both sides.

Hence, if either of the two great organized kingdoms of nature were to be suddenly extinguished, the annihilation of the other would soon follow; for the atmosphere would become, in a short time, so laden with an element deadly to the remaining kingdom, and so stripped of that which was absolutely necessary, that destruction would be inevitable.

Nothing has so far been said of respiration in vegetables. Plants breathe as well as animals. In the day time, this process is entirely hidden by that greater one which leads directly to the constructing of the plant. At night, however, when the absence of sunlight brings rest to the chlorophyll grains, respiration still goes on, and can be easily proved. It is for this reason that plants are very useful in sitting-rooms, especially when there is a stove present; it is for this reason also that it is unhealthy to sleep in a room with plants.

Man is a very sensitive animal. Even a slight excess of carbon dioxide in a room can be felt by him on coming from the outer air. If he remain in such a close room a drowsy feeling will soon seize him. A practice of staying in badly-aired apartments soon leads to weakening of the body, makes it subject to cold at the slightest lowering of the temperature, and liable to diseases of all kinds. In other words, *ventilation is an absolute necessity*. Many very untimely deaths must one day be accounted for by persons who have professed themselves as learned teachers, but to whom the following lines from Pope might well apply:

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

#### Simplicity.

"And in his spirit there is no guile."

**S**IMPLE man—a rarer being he  
Than genius great or bard sublime. He thinks  
No ill, divines not brother's thought, nor links  
It with unholy aim. No faith will be  
Dissected, misconstrued by him. To see  
A simple man and feel his soul—that drinks  
The sweetest virtue's nectar—then, one pinks  
Deep gloom of earth and sets the spirit free.

Simplicity, thou circlest faith and hope  
And charity, men's souls dost purge and raise  
Above themselves. Oh! essence sweet, and mild  
And tender bond of friendship, love, I'd cope  
For thee. The lips that utter "perfect praise"  
Are simple child's. I'd always be a child.

J. R. HAYDON, '95.

#### Lady Macbeth.



**S**HAKSPERE'S women are the greatest masterpieces of his genius. He understood the female character in all its varied moods, and the critic who perceives this is beginning to interpret the versatile genius of the great dramatist. His women are always interesting because they are real. They are not all of one kind, but of every kind, occupying all the different positions in life. There is the woman of will, the woman of love and the woman of duty, and each one is depicted just as she is swayed by one of the traits of character peculiar to her sex.

To mention a few, Katherine and Cordelia are the types of true women; Rosalind and Celia are admirable conceptions; Portia and Beatrice firm and noble characters; Desdemona and Ophelia, who loved "not wisely but too well," and Gertrude, the mother of Hamlet, and Lady Macbeth, fit helpmates to a king, all form a group of women real and life-like. They were moved with all the natural emotions, affected with different moods, and adorned with characters, observable in the woman of our time. If we would look around us for the Cordelia of to-day we must not expect to find her in the same circumstances that attend her in "King Lear." In her modern environments, if she was of our country, we would behold a girl, distinctly American, with marked stateliness of manner and of lady-like reserve, yet most lovable. Cordelia had two sisters, monsters of greed and hate, and they are prototypes of our nineteenth century viragos.

So, too, with the other women. All have their counterparts in the world of to-day. Portias are numerous, Cordelias are frequent and Katherines are many. There is one, however, who is rare at any time, and that is Lady Macbeth. Hers is a truly great character; but I fear she is sometimes misjudged by critics who fail to interpret her as characterized by the great dramatic poet. She is not a good woman, but she made a perfect wife. A character of great will power, she sacrifices all that makes the woman's life to further her husband's ambition, and lives not for herself but for Macbeth. Her actions throughout the play impress one as those of a delicate and sensitive person, quick in following up the decisions of her will. In her life there was naught to interest her, nothing to fill the aching void of children's



voices save wifely devotion to her ambitious husband.

If I could picture this woman previous to the incidents of the play, I should see her a creature swayed by mental struggles and sad in moral loneliness. To her all things of life, of mind, must give way before the will. In other surroundings, and interested in a better cause, she would have been a noble woman; for she had all the gifts of character that make a woman beautiful; and yet, when the nobler nature in her protests against the murderous schemes to which her mind assents, she struggles with these softer instincts of the woman, and cries out:

"Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe-top full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it!"

And throughout the tragedy her will and feminine instincts are continually at war.

Macbeth was a man of practical nature, taken up with the rougher pursuits of the warrior. He found no pleasure in the study of the finer sentiments of life. He was impatient of suspense and had a strong tendency to superstition. As his ambitious hopes urged him on to gratify them, his nature passed through all the stages of moral degeneracy, a weakness of mind only to be found in a man devoid of that intellectual force which enables him to choose between good and evil. He was the weaker character of the two, and we receive a clear conception of him in the words of Lady Macbeth:

"What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this."

Here, the husband's overpowering passion of resolve so affects the wife that it seems to her stronger than a mother's love. Perhaps, if her children lived it would not have been so. In her lonely life, without a scope to her high spiritedness, it is but natural that her energy should smolder until an opportunity rose for its concentration.

Macbeth writes the letter of import that changes for all time the inner life of his wife. She first appears upon the scene of the play, reading this letter which suggests the murderous

plot, already conceived by the mind of her husband; while Macbeth, by his prior knowledge of the circumstances, would most naturally have the first desire to verify the witch's prophecy:

"All hail, Macbeth that shall be king hereafter!"

Yet we know from later developments that he lacked force of character to carry out his intention, and in doing the deed he was only an instrument under the direction of his wife's iron will. It is worthy of remark that the witch's words, coming directly to Macbeth but indirectly through letter to Lady Macbeth, should prompt them both to use the same means of hastening the fulfilment of the prophecy.

When Lady Macbeth reads the letter her will at once displays itself, and in the news the messenger brings, she sees her opportunity.

*Messenger*: "The king comes here to-night."

*Lady Macbeth*: "Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,  
Would have informed for preparation."

The moment of concentration had come to her, yet her sensitive feelings struggle when the will assumes the mastery and accepts the opportunity:

"Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night  
And pall thick in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry hold, hold!"

In the first expression of her fell purpose, she stands a creature stripped of all that makes the woman. When murder presents itself to her mind she resolves to do it. If she had done it Shakspeare would have marred his greatest tragedy, and critics would not find a character to study, but a blood-stained hag to hate. The woman was not so strong-willed that the promptings of her heart had ceased to sway her, and although she follows up her purpose to do the deed, yet when she would have done it her womanhood asserts itself, and in her own words she tells the reason why:

"I laid the daggers ready  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father, as he slept, I had done't."

Was Lady Macbeth an exaggerated character? Could any woman by strength of will reach such determination and show such obdurate inflexibility of purpose in driving on Macbeth to execute the murder? Why not? If she were free from human weaknesses, and all the softer instincts of woman were absent from her nature; if her feelings did not assert themselves, as they do, then could we say that she was a woman gifted with either preter-

natural qualities, or a base creature of the coarsest nature.

Lady Macbeth appears on all occasions a woman of feeling. In her mind there is continually going on a deep struggle between will and instinct for mastery; and when her husband, now a king and thrice a murderer, falls a prey to suspense and fear, she becomes the man and spurs him by her timely taunts to dissemble. But he is without self-control, and the wife sees her only safety from discovery by continually watching him. The strain gradually tells upon her. In the banquet scene she is still the woman of will; but when in sleep the mind relaxes, the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us. Her conscience speaks, and in the helplessness of slumber gives expression to her weighty secret. In sleep she walks and re-enacts the terrible murder of the aged Duncan. What a mind this woman had! To what base purpose put!

While Shakspeare discreetly draws the curtain on the end of this woman's life, he wishes us to interpret it, and plainly there is but one end—that of madness. Within herself was fought a greater battle than that at Dunsinane. Her will so strong, played with the baser cause, and female instinct, supported by her innate feelings, fought for the nobler nature in her.

Lady Macbeth was a remarkable woman. If her firmness, self-command, intellect and ardent affections were directed properly, she would have been the most brilliant and noble of all Shakspeare's creations. There is one flaw in her character that accounts for the concentration of her mind on such wicked deeds—she had no religion. We all know that nothing influences a woman so much as her religion, and one need not ask, would Lady Macbeth have been different under the influence of religion?

J. J. FITZGERALD, '93.

#### Forensic Eloquence.



ANY years ago a man of great genius remarked that "the celebrity of the great classical writers is confined within no limits, except those which separate civilized from savage man." This, indeed, is a professedly striking assertion; and one is at first inclined to doubt the veracity of Thomas Babington Macaulay. But since the history of the present is a key to the past, we have only to

examine it carefully when we discover that the great classics are the common property of every civilized and polished nation.

For centuries these inexhaustible fountains of intellectual wealth have furnished subjects for the painter and models for the poet. Athens and Rome, which stand pre-eminent among the nations of the world in science and literature, have likewise produced the greatest orators and statesmen. Athens had her Demosthenes, Rome her Cicero.

Truly, before the Persian wars Athens was celebrated for her illustrious orators and statesmen. Rome, where lie the sacred ashes of the Apostles, had become famous, long before the dawn of Christianity, for her eloquent speakers and sublime bards. Here it was that the brilliant fancies of Lucretius, Virgil and Horace conceived and displayed, in stately and majestic language, those grand epics, odes and epodes, which shall never perish until the day when the world shall be given up to destruction. Here it was that the classical enthusiasm which distinguished the age of Leo and Lorenzo was born and nurtured; here, too, may be found the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Giovanni Angelico and Raphaël.

Babylon is gone, but Rome is; Jerusalem alone can impart a more exalted comfort and calm than that of being among the tombs and churches of the first Christian saints. Rome is an eternal city. Gregory the Great, three centuries after Rome became Christian, told Alaric that their city was not to be destroyed by barbarians but by earthquakes, tempests and storms; and he adds, "which we have partly seen accomplished in our times."

"Then shall she that sitteth upon the seven hills be destroyed when the Lord shall come to judge the earth."

Rome, when thrones have crumbled and dynasties forgotten, will stand like the shadow of a mighty rock in a weird land. Antiquity may be challenged to produce a more brilliant and glorious epoch in the world's history than that of Rome during the era of Cicero and Augustus. In many respects the times of Cicero, in spite of their complicated politics, afford us more interest than most of what is called Ancient History. The habits, tastes and customs of the Romans of Cicero's time do not differ wonderfully from those of our own.

When we glance back through the dim vista of the past we notice that the code of political honor and morality of the Romans of those days was not much lower than that held by some great statesmen and moralists a century or two ago. Cicero was the one man above all

others who made the Romans feel how great a charm eloquence lends to what is good, and how invincible justice is if well spoken. It would be well, perhaps, to observe here what a remarkable coincidence there is between the progress of oratory among the Greeks and the Romans. The period during which eloquence most flourished at Athens was by no means that of her greatest power and glory. It began at the close of the Peloponnesian War. The means by which Athenian oratory approached to its finished excellence seem to have been almost contemporaneous with those by which the Athenian character and the Athenian empire sunk to degradation. The latter, no doubt, was due to infidelity and selfishness.

When the little commonwealth of Greece achieved those heroic victories, which twenty-five eventful centuries have left unequalled, Athenian eloquence was in its infancy. The deliverers of Greece became its plunderers and oppressors; unlawful exactions and atrocious crimes filled the Cyclades around Delos, and the Sporades, near the Asiatic coast, with tears, blood and mourning. History tells us that whole islands were unpeopled by the sword in a single day. The ruins of famous cities were upturned by the plough. Thousands of Athenian citizens were sent to pine in the deep and dreadful dungeons at Syracuse. Undoubtedly during those turbulent times eloquence must have greatly suffered.

Eloquence, which is one of the principal characteristics of Greek literature, whether poetical, historical or philosophical, had a very early origin in Greece. We find that as far back as Homer's time eloquence was highly cultivated. The heroes of Homer are all orators. It is the charm which eloquence lends to the writings of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon that has rendered their works immortal. The abuse which eloquence suffered during the Peloponnesian War caused Aristophanes to say that a scoundrel only could succeed as an orator. To be a successful orator at the time of Demosthenes one should possess a perfect knowledge of human nature and a wide range of political and historical information.

Greek eloquence rose and flourished during the period of Greek liberty. It did not entirely decay until Athenian independence was utterly crushed; both died together. Eloquence has always flourished under freedom, but tyranny and absolutism are its dire enemies. Hence, while eloquence flourished under Athenian democracy, Sparta never produced an orator.

The age of Cicero and Augustus is usually

styled the Golden Age of Roman literature; and it merits no higher title when compared with the age of Pericles,—a man who has justly given his name to the most brilliant intellectual epoch that the world has ever seen. In the literature of the Augustan age we admire the wonderful facility which the Romans display in philosophy, poetry and eloquence. Grecian refinement was no longer despised; Grecian effeminacy had not yet prevailed. The camp was not now the home of the Romans, neither were the theatres and the schools. They had ceased to be a nation of soldiers, and had not yet become a nation of slaves. At no other period did Roman eloquence reach a higher standard of excellence.

Oratory was an early characteristic of the Roman people. There was political eloquence in a city where there was a constant struggle between the various classes. Military eloquence was used to excite the heroism of the soldiers. The panegyric orators vied with the Greek rhapsodists for pre-eminence. It was about this time that Cicero began to achieve his greatest triumphs in the Capitol and Forum. His first victory was won in the case of Publius Quintius. But it was not until the famous trial of Verres that the star of Cicero appeared in the zenith. It would be unreasonable to do more than glance at the circumstances connected with this famous case.

The infamous Verres, who was as cruel as he was rapacious, had been guilty of the most atrocious crimes during his consulship in Sicily. Gabius, a prisoner in the quarries at Syracuse, attempted to escape. For this offence the perfidious Verres had him scourged and crucified. While the poor wretch hung suspended on the cross, which was erected on a headland overlooking Italy across the strait, no sound escaped his lips except the oft-repeated cry: *Civis Romanus sum!* As if, says Cicero, those magic words would have power to save him. This fruitless appeal made by an unhappy citizen to the outraged majesty of Rome was the occasion for him, whom history justly styles *Pater Patriæ*—preserver of Rome—to compose the most magnificent piece of declamation in any language. During the trial Verres had retained for his counsellor Hortensius, who, at that time, was considered the most eminent orator at the Roman bar. Verres, finding that neither bribery nor influence was of any avail against the overwhelming facts brought out in evidence against him by Cicero, retired into voluntary exile soon after the trial began, and allowed judgment to go by default.



Quintius Hortentius, whose musical voice and rich flow of language greatly aided him to retain his hold on forensic eloquence, was now compelled to yield to the rising fame of the eloquent and honest Cicero.

The Capitol and Forum, which impress us with more awe than Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey—the place where the great men of twenty generations have contended, the place where they now sleep together—were the scenes of Cicero's active and political life. It was during his prætorship that he delivered that masterful oration in support of the Manilian Law, a bill brought forth by the tribune Caius Manlius giving Pompey command of the war against Mithridates. This bill granted Pompey full and unlimited sway over the fleet and army in the East, and likewise proconsular rights throughout Asia as far as Armenia.

By virtue of the Gabinian law Pompey's commission already extended over the coasts of the Mediterranean, but this new measure would invest him with absolute authority over the greater part of the Roman world. The bill was strenuously opposed by the aristocrats, Catulus and Hortensius. By their united efforts Cæsar and Cicero finally succeeded in carrying it, the one by the weight of his influence, the other by his eloquence.

We have now reached the point in the great orator's life where the conspiracy of Catiline begins. We have not the space to treat it in detail; let principal facts suffice.

Catiline, Sallust tells us, intrigued with a vestal virgin and murdered his son. His house was a den of gamblers and debauchees. It would be impossible for any young man to cross his threshold without danger to his fortune and reputation. Such then was the man with whom Cicero was willing to coalesce in a contest for the first magistracy in the republic. We are told that the plot was the most wicked and desperate ever known, and that the great body of the people and many of the nobles favored it. The richest citizens of Rome were eager for the spoliation of all property; and its highest for the destruction of all order. Crassus, Cæsar and the prætor Lentulus were proved to be involved in the conspiracy.

Catiline seems to have felt, as his revolutionary plot ripened, that between the new consul and himself the fates of Rome must choose. Twice he tried assassination and it failed. When Cicero made his appearance in public he was clad in a corselet of steel, thereby showing that he was aware of the danger. It was not until Cicero was aroused to the conscious-

ness that either he or Catiline must fall that his indignation burst forth. Then the mighty thunders of his eloquence drove Catiline from the Senate and forced him—half as it seems in mad passion and desperation—to join his fellow traitors at Falsulæ. Catiline's allies were immediately seized within the city. Of their guilt there was not the least doubt; most of them even admitted it. They received no formal trial, and a few hours after a vote of death had been passed upon them by the Senate.

Lentulus and Cethegus, two members of that august body, with three of their companions, were carried down into the gloomy prison vaults of the Tullianum, and there quietly strangled. The swift retribution dealt to the traitors was done for the safety of the republic. While the deadly work was going on within, Cicero stood on the prison steps without awaiting the report of the death of the assassins. At length he announced their fate to the assembled crowd below in the single word *Vixerunt*, which when weakly translated is, "They have lived their life." The effect was magical—the people shuddered in deep silence. Once more the good citizens of Rome could breathe freely since the death-like grasp of Catiline and his assassins was, for the moment at least, off their throat.

History is quite unable to picture this dreadful conspiracy as it was in reality. To judge of the thrilling effect that Cicero's orations against Catiline produced on the Roman people, they must be read in the grand periods of the orations themselves, to which it is impossible to do justice by any translation. By the destructions of this well-planned conspiracy Cicero won for himself the sole glory of having saved the state from Catiline's band of desperate and reckless men. There is nothing like it within the range of all history.

Demosthenes and Æschines never scored a greater triumph at Athens. Isocrates, whose careful and well-rounded periods won him the title of the Great Master of Eloquence, never dreamed that such eloquence could flow from the lips of a Roman. The best estimate, perhaps, of Cicero as an orator can be formed by comparing him to Demosthenes, the greatest of the Greek orators. Demosthenes is best known by his "De Corona," which is undoubtedly the most perfect specimen that eloquence ever produced. The magic and majestic force of his language; the elegance of his diction and the pure and ethical character of his discourses show that he was a true patriot. The subject is

(Continued on page 563.)

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—On Wednesday next, the 17th inst., the Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, the devoted and zealous Administrator of the diocese of Fort Wayne, will celebrate his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee, or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All at Notre Dame will rejoice with him on the occurrence of this happy anniversary, and will pray that the blessings of Heaven may, for many years, attend him in the exercise of the Sacred Ministry. The labors of a quarter of a century in the vineyard of the Lord have been signally successful, and it is the earnest wish of all here that the crown of a Golden Jubilee may be among the rewards and honors which this life will bring to one like the Very Rev. Administrator, who, in his life-work, seeks only the good of religion and humanity. *Ad multos annos!*

—The plat of the University precinct, drawn by Mr. M. P. Hannin from the survey made by the Engineering class, of which he is a member, is now on exhibition in the students' office. It is to be sent to the World's Fair as a specimen of the kind of work done by the Graduates in Civil Engineering. The excellent work in the drawing can hardly be overlooked by the fair-minded critics of good platting, and all those who take an interest in topographical surveys. It reflects the highest credit on the skilful designer of the map, and upon all the members of the class who have given evidence of great mathematical talent and how well prepared they are to cope with all the difficulties of Practical Engineering.

## Politeness.

Probably upon glancing at the heading of this article many will scarcely deign even to read it. They will very likely say to themselves: "What! politeness again? Is somebody attempting to preach more about that

commendable quality after the publication of Prof. Egan's excellent work: 'The Gentleman'?" To a certain extent they are justified in protesting against the repetition of this topic. But when all that has been said concerning politeness does not seem to have had the effect of correcting many abuses—may not then a person be excused for alluding to it once more and only in general terms? College is one of the best places in the world to learn to be polite. Yet as it is by years of hard, persevering and laborious study that we obtain our education, so, too, politeness is acquired only by constant practice and even self-sacrifice. In every action, in every word, is the true gentleman conspicuous among all others. It is natural to some to be more graceful and more polite than others, yet politeness is a quality easily acquired by all when carefully studied.

Before acting or speaking, stop and consider if what you are going to do or say may injure any person or hurt anybody's feelings. Should there be a doubt, refrain from saying or doing it. For it is characteristic of the polite and true gentleman to endeavor to act always in such a manner that he may not at a future day regret his conduct. Again, you will find that if you accustom yourselves to be polite and gentlemanly while at college it will not be near so difficult to be easy and graceful when you leave your books and enter society.

Society soon discovers the truly polite man, and makes all the distinction imaginable between him and the rude and unmannerly. It is unnecessary to enter into the minute details of the rules of etiquette; at the same time it may not be improper to briefly notice one or more. Observe this: when two persons are conversing never thrust yourself in and take up the conversation, particularly when you have every reason to believe that you are making yourself very disagreeable and obnoxious by this means. Scarcely anyone—unless a little *non compos mentis*—in the least acquainted with the rules of politeness will ever act in this manner. Yet how frequently and grossly is this rule of etiquette abused!

Real politeness includes kindness and charity. When you leave college and enter into the busy world and have homes of your own, remember this. Be kind to your fellow creatures, be charitable towards them, and do not misinterpret their words or misconstrue their acts. This is the philosophy of politeness. To be truly polite, bear in mind the "Golden Rule": "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

D.

## Forensic Eloquence.

(Continued from page 561.)

well arranged, the arguments are strong and the objections clearly stated. Demosthenes applied all his natural and acquired faculties to the study of logic and rhetoric.

Cicero was highly educated, and by diligent study became a most accomplished scholar. His orations teem with the best maxims on political and judicial government. He was continually trying to display his learning on innumerable subjects. Cicero had, above all, the *copia decendi*, which gained for him the high testimony of Cæsar.

Demosthenes' oratory was without any embellishing and jesting. It was wholly composed for real effect and seriousness. It did not, as Pytheas scoffingly remarked, smell of the lamp but of the temperance and thoughtfulness of his grave and earnest disposition. Cicero, on the other hand, was most versatile; at times his love of mockery carried him into scurility, and frequently his opponent wriggled beneath his scathing remarks. Cicero was by nature disposed to mirth and pleasantry, and always appeared with a smiling and serene countenance. But Demosthenes was stately and solemn; his very look was sufficient to overawe an audience. He never touched on his own praises, but Cicero was continually boasting of himself. His writings clearly show that he was very egoistical; in fact, so much so that Juvenal and Quintilian severely censure him for this constant harping on his own praise.

Of the many excellencies of Cicero, the greatest is the suitableness of his diction to the genius of the Latin tongue. It has been said of him that his oratorical style was too brilliant, too florid for the sublime simplicity of Demosthenes, Æschines, Alcibiades and Ctesephon. Be this as it may, it must be acknowledged that the Latin language is comparatively weak when compared with the language of Homer. A pure and simple Latin style is scarcely inseparable from boldness. Latin is not a philosophical language, and in this respect Demosthenes had a great advantage over the Latin orator. The Athenian orator, on account of the richness and sublimity of the Greek, was enabled to be more philosophical and consequently more solid in his orations. Besides, the public at Athens were composed of a different class of people from the public assembled in the Roman Forum. In general intelligence the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community

that has ever existed. This assertion is made without regard to Samuel Johnson's statement that Demosthenes spoke to a barbarous people.

The author of "Rasselas" knew London as well, perhaps, as Dickens; and, like Dickens' London, was the world to him. His knowledge of Greek literature—beyond the school books, still less, of Athenian civilization—was, to say the least, very meagre. It is true that almost all the education of a Greek consisted in talking and listening; still his opinions on government, which he picked up in public assemblies, were generally sound and logical. When a Greek desired to study metaphysics he did not procure a book on the science and lock himself up in a room until he had acquired a fair knowledge of the subject, but he went down to the Pnyx and the Prytanæum and engaged in conversation with one of the many sophists of the day. In this way the Greek populace soon became an educated class.

It is not my intention to consider in full the difference between the intellectual standard of the Greeks and the Romans of those days. I will not, therefore, speculate longer on the qualities which one or the other of these nations might have possessed. It has been my aim in this paper to give a just estimate of Rome's greatest orator. Cicero may, I dare say, on the whole, be pronounced to have been a man of splendid genius and talent; a man who succeeded in the highest department of his art, and in that department succeeded pre-eminently.

J. MCAULIFF, '93.

## Exchanges.

A Western exchange declares that the irregularity with which we of the exchange-column disport ourselves in public is not at all edifying and causes him pain. 'Tis not always thus, dear brother; some editors give people most pain when they are least silent. For ourselves, we don't set much value on such antics as we perform, since we regard this volume as utterly unnecessary to the public weal. As heretofore, we shall appear only when we have something to say.

\* \* \*

While we are on this subject it might be well to suggest that some clever exchange-man, filled with the spirit of progress, make a census of college papers to collect editorial opinion on the functions, character and management of the exchange notes. At present there seems to be such diversity of opinion and practice as to bewilder even the veteran editor.

Friends of education everywhere are under obligations to the *Fordham Monthly* for the excellent sketch of "Woodstock: Where the Jesuit Professor is Made." The illustrations in half-tone form a special feature of the sketch, and add much to its beauty and interest.

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The *Holcad* for April is a bright publication. Personally, we confess to a special fondness for good editorial writing, and perhaps that is why we like the *Holcad*.

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The *Penn Chronicle* appears in a bright April garb indicative of the "sweetness and light" to be found within. The *Chronicle* seems to grow mellower and more musical with age.

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The literary articles in the current number of the *Wabash* indicate an English course that leaves little to be desired.

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Talleyrand once said to a Frenchman who tried his patience: "I can supply you with argument, but I am not obliged to supply you with understanding." When the *Lawrence High School Bulletin* quoted Faber *apropos* of the Bible, it wanted to score a point in favor of the Protestant Bible. Still it cannot see why we protest when a journal, representing an institution supported by state moneys, assumes a sectarian character. The *Bulletin's* intelligence seems on a par with its childish twaddle about "dictation," etc.

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That marvellous publication, the *Spectator*, asks us: "Why keep the truth concealed? Are you ashamed of it and of your system? Would the truth open people's eyes and jeopardize your system? Friend, shun such things as must be done in secret and which are hurtful to the welfare of man." Now, we don't know what the dear man means by this last sentence (it *sounds* disreputable); but this we will say: If our "system" ever gets out of order, we'll take *pills* and not *preachers*.

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#### The Man in the Tower.

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A college has no greater factor or aid in promoting its ends and furthering its work than a good active society or fraternity. Our own University has ample representation in respect to societies, and I need only mention the active Philodemics, eloquent Columbians, standard-bearing Cecilians and promising young Philo-

patrians to strengthen my remarks. But the merits of these societies are as well known to the students as they are to the Man in the Tower. He may, however, have a knowledge of a number of societies and clubs that exist in a most flourishing state right in our midst that are unknown to the boys at large.

\*\*\*

The Tower man took a broom-stick ride the other night, and in his travels saw much that was mysterious. He passed over a country where redmen held full sway, and when a war whoop invitation invited him to come off his perch and attend the ghost dance he could not refuse. He arrived in the wigwam of the Iroquois just as the neighboring Mohawks and Sioux began the medicine dance with squaw Phla-neg-han at the head. This caper was to be succeeded by the ghost dance, and the Man-in-Tower was supposed to play the part of Big Horn.

Indians are not to be trifled with, and when one has to deal with the tribes of Chief Mik-ha-nin he feels safe only after he has left the tepee grounds. How was I to escape from the predicament? If I joined in their capers and my friend should ever hear of it, my dignity would be lost forever.

\*\*\*

I was looking around for means to escape when I saw approaching me a crowd of angry redmen gesticulating wildly and in their midst were three pale faces. I soon learned that the prisoners were to be scalped during the evening festivities. The first victim Hi-no-awl carried a big book under his arm which the Indians struggled in vain to procure. He was followed by Hi-ce-awl, his brother, who amused the crowd by ringing a bell. Behind these two came one "Fierce Look," as the redmen called him, and few of the tribes tampered with him, although he was bound with cords.

Soon the great chiefs assembled with much war paint decorating their gaudy personages, and when they gave me audience I asked that mercy be extended to the white victims, and begged that the three prisoners be permitted to make a plea for their lives.

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Big Chief Ge-me-blop-ipe after consulting with Ke-raw-ne and La-wang-en decided that freedom would be granted if the prisoners could show that they benefited humanity by living.

Hi-no-awl who was very fond of talk stepped forward and began the narrative that was to free or destroy them. In his remarks, he said: "Mighty chiefs, I and my two companions are

known among white men as the three graces. We have one only object in view and all our energy and time have been used to promote this object, and it was to advance it that we wandered into your wigwams to-day. My book here shows the merits of our case. We are florists and have a kind of garden where we planted all the flowers we could find. They did not grow, but withered and died. Our books on horticulture (published in 1660) direct us to put seed in the ground and when sprouting to replant. Why our flowers did not grow with such treatment we know not, but we intend, if life is spared us, to continue our work again until we succeed." Here the murmurs of the Ow-es-ems interrupted the speech, and quiet was restored only when Ghol-den-toot took the book from Hi-no-awl and advanced before the triple circles of redmen to pass judgment. He said:

"Know ye, great chiefs, that these pale faces have tampered with the laws of nature. Flowers grow only on their bushes, and die when plucked; yet they have been treated by these three graces like undeveloped seeds and sprouting roots, and have been unnaturally cultivated by hot-house methods until nothing but the shrivelled petals of once promising flowers remain. Flowers are the result of the plant's maturity, and seeds are to produce the sprouts of a new shrub. That such antiquated methods and books should be used is deplorable. Take the victims and do with them what you will." Then arose the triple circles and they flashed their tomahawks and axes and the war whoop sounded strong. Round and round the hopping warriors danced in savage glee. When the shouts were loud and strongest and the dance was thickest I took up my stick and fled. Since that time I have never wandered near the dreaded reservation. Whether now the three fair graces advance their theory in other lands I know not. That their end was grim and gory is another supposition, and in doubt we leave them and I'll close my allegory.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

A PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.  
New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This little book contains the principal events in our country's history related in a clear and interesting way. The language, while accurate, is so simple that it can be understood by any child. The story is told in narrative style in preference to the catechetical; for while the

one makes a lasting impression on the mind of the child, the other has proved valueless when the answers are separated from their questions. At the foot of each page there are questions on the matter taught on that page, which save the annoyance of reference to other parts of the book. Many excellent illustrations embellish the book and will serve still further to interest the pupils. There is an admitted need for a book of this kind, and the publishers trust this little volume will meet the wants of our Catholic schools.

—A charming account of "Japanese Home Life," with many characteristic illustrations, opens the new volume of *The Popular Science Monthly*. It is written by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake, who has had opportunities for observing the life of the people such as are not open to most foreigners who sojourn in this garden land. Mr. G. W. Littlehales, of the United States Hydrographic Office, has an article on the "Growth of our Knowledge of the Deep Sea." A novel and practical subject for a magazine article is "Decay in the Apple Barrel," upon which Prof. Byron D. Halsted contributes a fully illustrated article.

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#### Personals.

—Mr. Thomas Flannigan, '75, of St. Paul, visited friends at the University this week.

—Mr. Martin, of Covington, Ind., was at the College to see his son Louis of the Carrolls.

—The Misses Healy of Chicago, called on their brothers of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls during the week.

—Mrs. Martin, accompanied by her daughter, visited her son, Master Herbert, on Thursday. Mrs. Martin was most welcome to Notre Dame. They live in San Francisco, Cal.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn., stopped at the College on Monday morning. His visit, however, though welcome and pleasant in the extreme, was too short. The Rt. Rev. Bishop administered Confirmation to a large class at Father Stoffel's church, in South Bend, Sunday evening.

—The accomplished sister of Messrs. Frank and Alexander Carney, Miss Lizzie Carney, was here on Thursday to see her brothers. After an extended trip through the Old World, where she saw all the beauties of Europe, Miss Carney is now very happy to return to her native land.

—It is a great pleasure for us to announce that Mr. John J. McGrath, Jr., '92, is prospering in Chicago. John holds a position in the Fort Dearborn National Bank, of which his brother Charles is assistant cashier. Some valuable



World's Fair Souvenirs were received from the "old boy" during the week. Mr. Robert Inderrieden (Com'l), '88, is also in the same house.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh and Professor M. F. Egan, attended the reception to the Duke de Veragua by the Columbus Club of Chicago on Friday evening, the 5th inst.

—Mrs. M. A. Mulligan, an old friend of Notre Dame, and former resident of Clay Township, returned on Wednesday after a prolonged stay in Leadville, Colo. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mulligan, Mrs. W. Mulligan, Miss Katie and Masters Mark and Bernard Mulligan—all of the Centennial State—visiting relatives at Notre Dame prior to an inspection of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. They are very welcome visitors.

#### Resolutions.

WHEREAS, Divine Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from all earthly cares the loving father of our esteemed friend and former fellow-student, James R. Fitzgibbon, '92; and,

WHEREAS, We realize that the affliction caused by the loss of a fond father is almost beyond consolation, yet the Christian heart will bow to the Will of Him who doth all things well; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Sorin Hall, tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to our bereaved friend.

M. P. HANNIN,	A. E. DACY,
E. M. SCHAACK,	M. L. JOSLYN,
F. B. CHUTE,	F. A. BOLTON,—Committee.

#### Local Items.

—Do you want to buy a ticket?

—"C" sees through brick walls.

—Tim is to mascot for the Brownsons next Sunday.

—A Sheriff, as much as anyone, needs rest, even if taken occasionally in court.

—Eddy is suffering from an attack of the "azure distemper." Dan knows why.

—"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!" And they all heard, except the sheriff, who was asleep.

—On Thursday last the Band gave some delightful serenades which were highly appreciated.

—Both Juniors and Seniors enjoy the "rec" day walks, and hope they will be continued until June.

—The commodore was the recipient of a very neat box during the past week. All his friends say it was a surprise.

—A member of the boat crew informed us that the best thing at the boat house is the boat

*Minnehaha*—at least it has the most "pull."

—The lawyers are becoming experts on the diamond. Their team defeated the second nine Specials, Thursday afternoon in a very interesting game. Score, 6 to 4.

—A young attorney, in citing a case before court the other evening, said: "Your Honor, this is a grave case. It is concerning a tombstone—" And the sheriff was called to maintain order.

—The photographs taken of the boat crews were very fine; and those who do not know the individual members say that they could not tell the difference between the oar and the member from the Lone Star State.

—The drill for the medal for the best-drilled man in Co. A was begun Sunday last and was won by W. Wilkin. The contest was exciting, and the next drill, which will occur to-morrow morning, promises startling surprises.

—There is talk of a friendly rivalry between Sorin and Brownson Halls on the tennis court as well as the base-ball diamond. This should be encouraged, as it would bring about quite a number of interesting games. Should such an event take place, Messrs. Dempsey and Barton would very likely occupy the points for Brownson Hall.

—On Tuesday last the Carroll Specials were defeated by a picked nine of this year's law class. Brown, Gibson and Kutina were at different times in the box. Excepting once, when Hennessy gave a man his base on balls, Duffield pitched for the lawyers, and though some pronounced him "easy" no remarkable hits were made. Hennessy was to make the ball sing, but could not put it over the base, so he resigned his position.

—The Lawyers defeated the second nine Specials, last Thursday, game called at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain. The Specials pitted three of their best pitchers against the Lawyers; but, despite all this, they failed to win. Gibson, the Lawyer pitcher, was a puzzle for the Specials; Cullen's running foul catch was cleverly done. *Batteries*: "Specials," Krembs, Esge, Dinkel and Whitehead; "Lawyers," Gibson and Marckhoff; *Struck out*: by Krembs, 2; Gibson, 4; *Passed Balls*: Whitehead.

—The drills by Co. B on Thursday were very interesting and intensely exciting because of the closeness which marked them. In the first drill-down there was shown a determination, never before so apparent, that the medal would be won by the private who deserved it most. After twenty minutes of hard fighting it became harder for the commander to think of "catch-commands" than it was for those drilling to execute them. Private T. Finnerty, of Denver, Colo., finally came out victorious. Immediately after this another drill-down took place, and this was still more difficult to decide. As in the other drill strong determination by each private was manifestly apparent. Private J. Miller

won after a hard struggle. The winners now are Privates A. Rumley, T. Finnerty and J. Miller. To-morrow another drill will be held.

LAW DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Prof. Hoynes, Dean of the Law department, intends to give three lectures a day from now until June. The Professor is untiring in his efforts in behalf of the members of the Law class, and will have the students farther advanced in the science of law this year than any law school in the country.

Messrs. Sinnott, Ansberry, and McGarry were in full charge of the law room this week.

The "quiz" during the past week has been on real estate.

Nearly all the graduates have completed their theses, and have commenced the work of revising and copying.

Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., assisted by Messrs. Schaack and Powers, photographed the members of the law department in their seats Saturday.

**MOOT-COURT.**—The case before Judge Hoynes of the Moot-Court Saturday evening was that of Andrew Drew *vs.* John Jones. This was a suit brought by Drew to recover \$150. It seems that Jones borrowed \$150 from a man named Johnson, and gave him a promissory note and chattel mortgage. Before the note was due Jones paid Johnson, and took a receipt, but failed to get the note on chattel mortgage. Afterward Johnson transferred the note and mortgage to Andrew Drew, and Drew sued Jones on the same. The attorneys for defendant endeavored to introduce a note in evidence, which was objected to very strenuously by the plaintiff's attorney, and the court decided it should not be admitted. After this decision of the court the plaintiff moved for a dismissal, which was granted with costs to him. The attorneys were Messrs. Heer and Ferneding for plaintiff, and Messrs. Brown and McCuddy for defendant.

—**BASE-BALL.**—The second game of the series between Sorin and Brownson Halls was played on Sunday afternoon, and, from the interest taken in the game by those present, we believe that this friendly rivalry has resurrected the base-ball enthusiasts, and at length the apathy that has hung over the national game for the past year has been forgotten. All gave vent to their feelings in a way that made old players have a fit of ecstasy, while the younger ones were incited to put forth every effort to win renown as experts of the diamond. In fact, it looked as though the members of the respective halls were trying to vie with each other as to who would make the most noise and cause the most confusion. The boy with the horn was there, but his endeavor to make a noise was faint compared with the boys whose voices sounded like a steam caliope. The Sorin Hall boys were nearly all old players, and, of course, were accustomed

to the pranks of the audience, while the Brownson Hall boys had a number of new players, who were rattled by the outbursts of the spectators. Both teams started out well, and the first three to bat on each side were retired as rapidly as they approached the plate. In the second the Brownson boys made their only earned run, while the Sorin boys were retired in one, two, three order. In the third inning the Brownson boys began their error-making. As a result, their opponents made three runs, and were assisted in the same manner to secure four more in the fourth, while they added three more in the sixth on two bases on balls and a base hit, and ended their run making in the ninth, only scoring one, making a total of eleven scores. The Brownson boys made more base hits than their rivals, but failed to bunch them. In the fifth inning there were three men on bases and only one man out; but luck was against them, and none of them were able to reach the much-coveted goal. In the ninth, after one man had scored, the bases were full again, and the Brownsons failed to find the ball. The following is the

SCORE:										
BROWNSON HALL.						A.	B.	R.	I.	B.
O'Neill, l. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	2	0	2
Roby, r. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	2	0	0
Cullen, 1st b.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	1	0	9
Chassaing, s. s. and 3d b.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	0	1	3
Covert, 3d b. and p.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	0	5
Funke, p. and s. s.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	1	1	0
Whitehead, c. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	0	0	1
Burns, 2d b.,	-	-	-	-	-	3	1	2	1	3
Schmidt,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	2	0	3
Total	.....	38	2	11	3	26	16	11		

\* Combe out for not running.

SORIN HALL.										
A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Combe, c.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	2	2	1	8
McKee, r. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	2	2	0	0
Hannin, s. s.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	2	1	0	3
Flannigan, 2d b.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	0	0	0	1
Keough, l. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	0	1
Thorn, 1st b.,	-	-	-	-	-	3	0	0	0	12
Bolton, c. f.,	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	0	0	1
Quinlan, 3d b.,	-	-	-	-	-	4	1	1	0	2
McCarrick, p.,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	2	0	2
Total	.....	38	11	9	1	27	15	3		

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
BROWNSON HALL:—0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1=2  
SORIN HALL:—0 0 3 4 0 3 0 0 1=11

*Earned runs:* Brownson Hall, 1; Sorin Hall, 5. *Stolen Bases:* Combe, McKee, Flannigan, Keough, Thorn, Quinlan, Cullen, 2; Covert. *Double Plays:* Whitehead to Burns. *Triple Plays:* Schmidt, Chassaing to Burns. *Bases on called balls:* off McCarrick, 4; Funke, 1; Covert, 6. *Hit by pitched ball:* Hannin. *Struck out:* Roby, 3; Cullen, 2; Chassaing, Covert, Whitehead, 2; Flannigan, Keough, Bolton, Quinlan. *Passed Balls:* Schmidt, 1. Time of game, 2 hours. *Umpires:* Kivlin and Schaack.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Maurus, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, O'Donnell, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Brady, Brinen, C. Corry, Chassaing, A. Corry, Colby, Cullen, Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Chidester,

Devanney, Donahoe, Davis, Dinkel, Dempsey, Delaney, Dillon, Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, Feeney, Freytag, Hermann, Hennessy, Healy, Hesse, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Kearns, Kintzele, Kilkenny, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Murray, McFadden, D. Murphy, T. Monarch, McCullough, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, McCarthy, McGarry, Ney, O'Connor, O'Shea, Pulskamp, Prichard, Patier, Quinlan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Reis, E. Roby, Stanton, Stace, Vurpillat, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Brennan, Bacon, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Chase, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dillman, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Dutt, Freeman, Franke, Fossick, Funke, Ford, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, Harding, A. Hilger, Heizman, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Lanagan, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levi, M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Miller, J. Miller, Mengis, Mills, Moore, Monaghan, L. Martin, R. Miers, McDermott, S. McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, J. J. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Renesch, Reilly, Reber, Roesing, J. Rozynek, P. Rozynek, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Schaack, Stephens, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, A. Yglesia, Yingst, L. Yglesia, York, C. Zoehrlaut.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bump, Bopp, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Brown, Curry, Christ, Corry, Cross, J. Coquillard, Croke, A. Coquillard, F. Campau, Cressey, Durand, Devine, Dugas, Elliott, Egan, Eagle, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Engelhardt, Finnerty, Freeman, Flynn, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Gifford, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy Higgins, Ral Higgins, J. Higgins, J. Healy, Ives, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Keeler, Kinney, Kilgallen, LaMoure, Lawton, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Loomis, Lowrey, Maritzen, Minnigerode, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Morris, McCorry, McDonald, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Ninneman, Oatman, O'Neill, Otero, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Pyle, Pieser, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roesing, V. Romero, A. Romero, Roache, Robb, Rohrbach, Ryer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Segenfelder, Schneider, Shipp, L. Thompson, Trankle, U. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.

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"The print is delightfully clear, and in this respect it is quite in accord with the style of the author, who is not only a distinguished scientist, but an acute and poetic observer who can render the truths of science interesting to the general reader."—*Rocky Mountain News*.

"Those for whom it is specially intended will find it a discussion at once scientific and prac-

tical, clear, able and well illustrated."—*Congregationalist (Boston)*.

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"The author writes with zest, and shows by his whole spirit that he hopes to promote the interests of music in all its relations. His book will be of great service to the whole fraternity of musicians, and ought to lead many of those musicians who have given any special attention to the subject, to an intelligent and interested study of the science."—*Public Opinion*.

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